1848
Literature The Twelve Christian Virtues Treated of in verse, by Peter A Foster Canterbury, N. H. Shows what his simple faith was. in his days of innocence

PAPERS OF SHAKERS
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THE

TWELVE

Christian Virtues,

in

Poetry.

In thy likeness Lord, prepare me,
That to thee I come array'd:
With the garments thou hast for me,
Which through faithfulness are made.
Author.

1848.

Preface.

Being sensible of the importance of duly appreciating the value of those principles which serve to increase the travel of the soul, and to stimulate the senses to a fervency, to acquire all the properties which really belong to the man when he shall have retrieved the true image and likeness of his Maker, I was induced to bring forward the following subjects, as the most appropriate; and through which can be conveyed to the understanding, the most ready way, to return from a degenerated state, to the highest degree of perfection, and thus meet the approbation of Him, who has provided, in mercy, and charity, a safe retreat for all who will seek him early.

The principle upon which is founded the salvation and eternal welfare of souls, is based upon the following virtues (viz) Faith, Hope, Charity, Patience, Meekness, Simplicity, Humility, Honesty, Continence, Innocence, Prudence and Thankfulness.

It is through these, and these only that perfection can be attained; for being void of any one of these, we shall be found destitute of that principle of goodness which is a necessary accomplishment, in order to represent the true Image, or to become a perfect man of full stature in Christ.

That the following is a full and perfect delineation of every particular which might be advanced, or is rendered so plain to the understanding, as other more accomplished writers would have represented these virtues, the author does not even claim the presumption.

The various situations to which he was exposed while engaged in drawing, together with the various calls to which he has been subjected during the year, served greatly to interrupt the chain of connexion, which will, he hopes, be sufficient apology for the inharmonious connexion which it appears to wear.

It will be seen by the number of stanzas to each virtue, that there is one for each day through the month, beginning

at January, and so on through the year: as it was leap year, there are three hundred and sixty six stanzas or one a day for the year.

If any remark has been made through the whole, which will be the means of awakening or stimulating the sense of any one to a more careful attention to the duties accompanying these virtues, in order to secure a more permanent treasure, and to add brightness to the crown which each and every one is preparing to wear, I shall feel as tho' the passing moments which to this have been devoted, will have been advantageously improved.

To the writer during his labor on these virtues, it has been a source of careful examination, to see in every particular, how near the feelings of his soul, and the character of his life will correspond, and wherein his failings have been discovered, he is now endeavoring to keep this feeling in his soul, and the importance of gaining each of these virtues to perfection.

'Tis by constant prayer and watching
That we forward steps can take;
Cautious, careful, watchful ever,
Or we no progression make

Peter A. Foster.

Faith

1 Hail ye twelve most lovely virtues!
Plac'd eternal in the soul;
Draw ye near within my presence,
All my senses now control.
Do direct my pen to portray
Where your dwelling place is known;
How I there can gain admittance,
And be found of thee alone.

2 O true faith, thou first of graces!
Hast thou found in me a place,
Where thou canst not be disturbed,
Where no storm can thee erase?
Hast thou found a good foundation
And a soil thy seed to sow?
Where no blade shall ever wither,
Where thou canst in safety grow?

3 Hast thou truly found an entrance
Through the gate obedience opes?
On the path of true submission,
Thus to satisfy your hopes?
Hast thou found a vessel willing
To give place to thy demand?
Freely then O take possession,
Through the vessel take command.

4 To thy liking now prepare it,
Cause it to be moddled right;
Thou art light to guide the wandring
Through the darkest shades of night.
Power thou hast to wield the senses,
Break the clouds of thick despair;
To revive the feeble prospect
Of a happy world to share.

5 'Tis by faith we view the treasure,
Souls receive when done with time;
In the heavens ornamented
With the graces we combine.
By obedience to our duty
We this treasure do prepare;
Tho' we here can have a measure,
We're assured a fullness there.

6 Thou the offspring of God's power,
First to enervate the soul;
To arise from nature's darkness,
And its wandering steps control,
First by hearing thou didst enter
Midst the senses, there arouse
Sparks of light the soul to waken,
From its long lethargic drowse.

7 Thou canst penetrate this darkness,
And behold what's there conceal'd;
Point the soul unto the standard,
Where all things must be reveal'd.
Thou dost work like secret leven,
For a while hid from our view;
But no force can stay thy progress,
Thou wilt work thy passage through.

8 Tho' like mustard thou beginnest,
Small indeed among the seeds;
Some may think thee not worth minding,
Yet all herbs thy growth exceeds.
Thou canst move the lofty mountain,
Which through time has held its own;
Yet twill crumble fast before thee,
And like chaff by wind be blown.

9 Where great trees are strongly rooted,
Thou canst pull them up apace;
Quell at once the roughest tempest
Which on waters find a place.
Where's the blind the haft or maimed
Which remain long in thy sight;
They are seeing, leaping, shouting
Through the glory of thy might.

10 Here's thy work within the spirit,
All those mountains to remove;
Which obstruct the pilgrim's travel
To the heavenly courts above:
Let them vanish at thy presence,
Let deep rooted trees be torn
From the soil in which they're planted,
Tho' it cause the earth to mourn.

11 When the spirit feels a tempest,
Thou canst quickly quell the same;
Thou wilt show that raging passion
With the faithful has no claim.
Thou canst see a gentle spirit
Clad in meekness love and peace;
In such beauty, twill suppress it
And the storm will quickly cease.

12 If of sight I am deprived,
Thou wilt surely it renew;
And the duty laid before me,
With thine aid I truly view:
'Twas by faith the ancient prophets
Saw a day of better things;
Saw afar the blessed treasure
Which the gospel to us brings.

13 'Twas thro faith that Abram started,
Left his country home and kin;
To sojourn where God had call'd him,
An inheritance to win:
He believed the promise to him,
A possession to obtain;
Thro obedience to this calling
He went forth and found the same

14 O true faith, thou art a treasure,
Ev'ry one should strive to gain;
Thou dost bear up in affliction,
In the soul where thou dost reign.
Thou canst see the joys of heaven,
Far beyond this vale secure;
All in readiness prepared,
For the faithful and the pure.

15 Wilt thou dwell within my precincts,
And my movings help control;
That when I am in affliction,
Thou wilt strengthen then my soul.
Dost thou dwell with holy power,
That bles'd attribute of God;
Then let this be thy companion,
When thou find'st in me abode.

16 Dost thou not still raise the drooping?
Dost thou not revive the weak?
Doth not death stand at a distance,
When thou deign'st in power to speak?
Will not sickness flee before thee,
And the bruised be freed from pain?
Then consent to give a portion
Which with me will e'er remain.

17 If by prayers or much entreating
I can feel thee in my breast;
I'll not cease till I possess thee,
Neither shall I be at rest.
If from things which I'm enjoying,
Fasting oft will aught avail;
To ensure to me your presence,
Then from fasting I'll not fail.

18 What tho I have faith of angels,
If my works do not agree;
I must say with the apostle,
Tis a gift thats dead to me;
If I view a heavenly treasure,
Far ahead in worlds above;
Unto me 'twill be no profit,
If for it I do not move.

19 What tho I have faith in healing,
Sick or lame, the halt, or blind;
Without practice will it profit,
Shall I not works wanting find?
Can I say to them, be healed,
While I harbor any doubt?
Doubts are marks that faith is wanting
This I surely have found out.

20 What tho' I believe there's treasures,
Richer far than Earth can yield;
Kept in store for all the faithful,
Yet to mortals not reveal'd;
If I do not work to gain them
What availeth faith so plain?
'Twould to me be but a torture,
Seeing what I do not gain.

21 What tho' I by faith discover
Mansions bright not yet attained;
Where the faithful meet together,
Where pure spirits are sustained.
If in carelessness I travel,
Or my duty is delay'd
How can I expect to share them
If my faith is not obey'd

22 If a lead is placed before me,
And I've faith in all they say;
Yet if I do not obey them
Am I in the living way?
Am not I extremely lacking?
Do works here my faith bespeak?
Surely not, tis counted nothing,
If not dead, tis very weak.

23 What tho I believe in order,
All God's people to direct?
Having faith I cannot travel,
If I do not this respect:
What then will such faith avail me?
Will it keep me in the fold?
Shall I not lose my protection,
And my love be waxing cold?

24 Tho no eye hath seen the treasures
Which the heavens still withhold;
Yet sure faith sees there more pleasures,
Than to mortals can be told:
Pleasures for the living spirit,
Songs of joy and heavenly mirth;
Such the faithful will inherit,
When they've bid adieu to Earth.

25 There are matters to be gained,
Which are weighty with us all;
These are judgment, faith and mercy,
As the Savior did them call.
Faith first brings us to the trial,
Whether Jordan we will ford;
There it shows the land before us,
Where the milk and honey flow'd.

26 Judgment shows us all our actions,
And determines if they're right;
If not, reins us to confess them,
Which does bring them to the light.
In the order faith hath taught us,
Where we find a living God;
Who in mercy doth forgive us,
Here we find a chastning rod.

27 If O Lord, in faith I'm lacking,
Do arouse it in my soul;
That I may possess it truly,
And my works with it control.
May my duty all be shown me,
Which thou would'st that I should do;
Grant that I have strength to do it,
And thus prove my faith is true.

28 Grant that I may be possessing
Faith which works by purest love;
And my heart be purifying
Fitting me for realms above.
Let no base or vile corruption
In my thoughts e'er find a place:
But a holy pure sensation
Fill'd with evry gospel grace.

29 May I have that faith thats living
Citing me to view the prize;
Day and night be watching, praying
That I may to glory rise;
May my faith be firm, unwaving,
Never turnd by wind or storm;
If I'm met with persecution
Let true faith my feelings warm.

30 Cause me never to grow stupid,
To forget my duty here;
Lest I fall to earthly senses,
Lose my faith and Godly fear.
As a firm sustaining pillar,
Be thou ever unto me;
O true faith celestial blessing
May I never part with thee.

31 Thou art one foundation pillar,
Which the building doth support;
Thou wast first in it erected,
Thou dost show the inner court;
Next to thee doth stand a pillar,
Well supported by thine aid;
'Tis firm hope, a solid anchor,
By this souls are firmly staid.

Hope

1 Blessed Hope, thou heavenly treasure,
Shall my muse speak words for thee?
In thy presence I take pleasure,
Heavenly virtues shine in thee.
As an anchor sure and steadfast,
Thou dost hold what faith can view:
Thou hast oft the faultring strengthend,
Given life and courage new.

2 Thou dost shine with light surpassing
Ev'ry ray the noon sun yields;
There's no part of Earth eludes thee
Thou a grace that grief oft feels:
When surrounded with affliction,
Thou dost comfort with thine aid;
Pointing on to joys eternal,
Where our bliss is firmly staid.

3 When immersed in grief and trouble,
When the bitter cup we taste;
At the moment thou dost enter,
Then our sorrows are erasd.
If an erring step we've taken,
That the conscience feels a sting;
If by thee we're not forsaken,
Thou to us dost comfort bring.

4 By a walk in "Achor's Valley",
Where thy door is open'd wide;
There thou hast a way provided
Which will burdens lay aside.
Unto this our hope all centres,
Nothing else relief can yield;
Here we drop our shackles, fetters,
Free to walk the gospel field.

5 Here all souls who find a travel
From the depth of nature's loss,
Must first walk this humble valley
As the first step in the cross.
Tho' proud man be self exalted,
Ways to heaven may devise;
He will surely ne'er obtain it,
Till this lowly valley tries.

6 Here's an altar god's erected
For the sacrifice of sin;
Shunning this no hope's expected
That a heaven we can win;
Tho the law once sacrificed
Beasts and blood, sin to atone
Now vile nature must be tried,
And our life which blood hath shown.

7 Through this humble way we travel,
To obtain this blessed crown;
Which by holy faith was shown us,
In the valley lowly down.
Hope to gain it gives us courage,
Crosses, trials to endure;
This true hope will purify us,
Even as our Savior's pure.

8 When our path affliction crosses,
Thou art ready to attend;
Bringing forward rays of comfort,
Which bless'd consolation sends:
Thus afflictions seem like vapors,
Which the brilliant sun dispels;
When thou art attendant with us,
Then true comfort with us dwells.

9 When through tribulation wading,
Thou dost cheering rays convey;
Pointing on to joys eternal,
Which are found through endless day.
There a treasure is secured,
In proportion to our toils;
Bearing well our crosses, trials,
While we're passing Earth's turmoils.

10 How extensive is thy presence!
In what place dost thou not dwell?
Thou art near in all conditions,
Doubts and fears thou dost repel.
Who without thee would have courage
All the winds to brave that rise?
What inducement could be given,
If no hope to gain the prize?

11 We are bound to thee forever,
Thou dost urge us on our way;
Can a prospect view with pleasure,
Which beyond this vale doth lay.
There's a crown, a glorious treasure,
Form'd with diligence and care;
As we've truly fill'd our measure,
So this crown we do prepare.

12 Unto this true Hope is pointing,
Showing what will be our gain,
If we walk in true obedience
And our travel still maintain;
By thy power we're not ashamed
To press on without delay;
Tho 'tis foolishness to many
Who know not the living way.

13 Christ, the rock, the stone of stumbling,
Plac'd a little child in view;
Taught us we must be like to it
And should be converted too.
Here then is the simple pattern,
Children in obedience found;
Simple, gentle kind and loving,
With such hope will e'er abound.

14 Kings and prophets in past ages,
For relief have groan'd and sigh'd;
In their day could not obtain it
But without the sight they died.
Wise men, nobles, rich and beggars,
All an equal fate have shared;
None among them found salvation,
Yet hope show'd a way prepar'd.

15 This their prospect often brighten'd,
Cheering hopes dispel'd their grief;
Which their burdens often lighten'd,
Thus their spirits found relief:
Being sometimes cloth'd with power,
To proclaim and view man's loss;
Showing that complete redemption
Must be gained by the cross.

16 This they saw at no small distance,
Yet their courage fail'd them not;
For through hope they look'd with pleasure
At the end to find their lot:
Often on their faces falling,
Often ashes, sackcloth wore;
While on God their spirits called,
Thus their tribulation bore.

17 Now their hopes and prayers are answer'd,
We enjoy what they then saw;
They are sharers also with us,
Of the perfect righteous law.
Greater are the favors granted,
Than their prospects then declar'd;
Seeing part and partly knowing,
Where these treasures were prepar'd

18 O bless'd hope where is thy ending?
Where dost thou thy limits stay?
Dost thou cheer a certain portion,
Others leave without thy ray?
Nay, the prating child thou movest,
When its little troubles flow;
Then its spirit often soothest,
Through some comfort thou dost show.

19 Dost thou come within the precincts
Of the youth, of vigorous mind,
Swell their views with cheering prospects
Pleasures rare ahead to find.
Through thine aid their springtime lengthens,
Leafets, flowrets ever fair,
Cull at pleasure, others growing,
For the future still more rare.

20 Thus with spirits ever buoyant,
Spring and summer never fade;
While within their reach thou standest,
And thy mandates are obey'd.
Thus we see their sunbeams brighten,
When with hope their bosoms burn;
With which they go on rejoicing,
Never view a frosty morn.

21 Lifes career seems long and cheering,
Age and sickness disappear,
Evry trouble quickly solved
Nought to cause the falling tear;
Evry plan is laid with courage,
Is pursued with conquering views;
Proud success attends each movement,
If their hope they never lose.

22 Art thou with the middle aged,
Bearing up with care and toil?
Making pleasant further travel,
That no task their prospect soil?
Surely thou dost make them welcome,
Thy portentions they assume;
That they never halt or linger,
All their prospects now illume.

23 Tho' the road has been uneven
Which through many years they've pass'd;
Yet with hope their spirits glowing,
That it will be smooth at last.
Courage, strength and perseverance,
Enervates and cheers the mind;
When with hope it is well anchor'd,
Nobler virtues yet to find.

24 This class then is not forsaken,
Hope in constancy attends;
Never failing always present,
Far above cold Earth ascends.
Glorious treasures faith is showing,
Hope secure's them till we taste;
And with steady perseverance,
We shall have them anchor'd fast.

25 Hoary headed, toil worn sages,
Whose departure is at hand;
Who have seen both spring and summer,
Now in chilling Autumn stand,
What say you about the present?
What say you about the past?
What say you about the future?
Have you any hope at last?

26 We have seen the gay and sprightly,
Phantoms, shadows, vainly grasp;
But when nearing where they saw them,
Found them lure deception's mass.
Ere some reach'd the waving shadow,
Chilling winter drop'd the bloom;
Ere the air was fill'd with fragrance
Lo it left them in sad gloom.

27 This was hope of vain possession,
Not the anchor of the soul;
This will fail and leave us floating
To vain winds without control.
Of the present we'll make mention,
Yet but little we've to say,
As the day is fast approaching
When we shall be call'd away.

28 Earth is filled with commotion,
Wars and tumults greet our ears;
Judgments through the nations rolling,
This a solemn day appears.
Yet there's hope that God in mercy
Will ere long his judgments stay;
Give a season for repentance,
And his warning voice obey.

29 Hail the future with a welcome!
Hope has shown us treasures rare;
To possess through life eternal,
Which the Father did prepare.
Though we've faith and hope abounding,
What will all of this avail?
If we have not charity,
Ev'ry other virtue'll fail.

Charity

1 Thou best of gifts, blessed charity,
In the center thou dost stand;
Thou a stay, a firm protector,
Thou the fabric dost command.
What of thee saith the apostle?
What are gifts without thine aid?
Tongues of men or tongues of angels,
Are mere sounds to ears convey'd

2 Tho' we feed the poor and needy,
Clothe the naked soothe distress;
Often pass through tribulation
For the sake of righteousness;
Tho' we suffer persecution,
False reports from sinners bear;
If this gift is not abounding
We but empty vessels are.

2 Should we show respect to persons,
Others envy yet no cause;
When each one alike in duty
Violate no sacred laws,
Doth true charity take station
Where this life distroyer dwells?
Nay, the least of her endowments
All such paltry deeds excels.

4 Loves and raises, ever blesses,
Strives to cheer the drooping heart;
Never faileth, shows caresses,
In affliction bears a part.
Tho' an erring step be taken,
Tho' the arrow miss the mark;
She'll not leave the one forsaken
Lonely, wandring in the dark.

5 She doth cover deeds unnumber'd,
In repentance' lowly vale;
Doth assist the soul in washing,
Where her waters never fail.
She will never leave for mem'ry
Evil deeds engrav'd on brass,
But on sand will leave them written,
No more seen where she doth pass

6 Ever ready with forgiveness,
And her arm of love extends;
Meets the soul with pure embraces
And from judgment rash defends.
Hears with patience, judgeth wisely,
Speaketh always mild and calm;
Inadvertencies o'erlooking,
Oil or wine will never harm.

7 At all times a true peacemaker,
Quells the raging winds of strife;
Speaketh with a gentle whisper,
Bearing up the burden'd life;
She believes things work together
As producers yet of good;
Tho' now hid from sight of mortals
Who have long in ignorance stood.

8 Partial feelings never harbors,
Willing all should goodness share;
Not her own she ever seeketh,
But to all her blessings spare.
Selfishness keeps at a distance,
Never comes within her sphere;
But her dues are always equal,
And with righteousness appear.

9 There's no envy in her palace,
Ev'ry gate with love is seen;
All her walls are richly glit'ring
With true gentleness serene:
All her inmates seem most cheerful,
Sadness there no place can find;
Doth alleviate in burdens,
Seeming troubles leaves behind.

10. Her assistance never faileth,
In adversity how near;
Brightens up the doubtful prospect,
Says to all "Be of good cheer."
All her stores are ever open
Unto all who ask her aid;
Sick or lame the helpless orphan,
All by her are welcome made.

11. All ye wandering sons and daughters,
Who are groping far from right;
Have you any consolation
Which will make your prospect bright?
Doth not charity enliven,
Kindle sparks of light serene?
Raise you from your low condition,
Place you in a fairer scene?

12 Tho' there are a few who've risen,
Far above Earth's nature base;
And have quit her dismal prison,
To a happier world embrace.
Yet all boasting is excluded,—
'Tis through loving mercy they
Were so carefully assisted
From their miry pit of clay.

13 Are the rest who are remaining,
Wallowing still in filthy mire?
Objects of a God's rejection
Since they now have no desire?
Since in nature's world they're buried,
Since her cares their eyes blindfold;
Since her pleasures are more cheering
Than the heavens which these hold.

14 Since these things engross the senses,
That man's greatest heaven lies
Gaining riches, bearing honor,
Making little sacrifice.
Since vile pleasures are the sweetest
Morsel that him can control;
Since there's nothing placed before him
Which can wake his stupid soul?

15 Shall these no more find protection,
'Neath his far extended arm?
Is their doom forever sealed,
Sweep destruction all their palm?
Will he not in mercy visit,
And their blindness discipate?
Restore to them again their hearing
Let them know their wretched state?

16 God is justice, He is mercy,
And will never cast away
Any souls who truly fear him,
And his word of truth obey:
Charity and long forbearance
Are extended unto all;
Not a soul will be forsaken
Left to perish, have no call.

17 Seek ye nations who are wandring
In your darken'd state alone;
Seek to have your souls enlighten'd,
Then your duty will be shown.
Knock and you will find an entrance,
Charity will ope the door;
Show you how to get admittance,
How your souls you may restore.

18 'Tis by force the kingdom's gained,
Valiant soldiers take the field;
Never halting, flinching, fainting,
Till the enemy will yield:
Never stop to beat a parley
Or to sympathize for groans;
Which the enemy may utter,
Tho' there's many touching moans.

19 Ye who time have basely squander'd,
Your vain appetites to please;
Passions, natures, cultivating,
And on sensual pleasures seize,
Who have vilely disregarded
Laws of God and nature too;
Are in ev'ry way defiled
Which depravity can view.

20 Can you charity be claiming,
Can she fathom your deep pit?
Can she yield you any comfort,
While you in such vileness sit?
Can you see so great a distance,
Through the darken'd misty maze?
Any light for your remittance,
Should you think your eyes to raise?

21 Hopelessness is your condition,
Charity can't reach you there;
Till your steps you are retracing
And for cleanliness prepare;
Wash and wade through tribulation,
Deep repentance seek with tears;
Cry to God, implore his mercy,
Till some way for you appears.

22 Should you in this stage continue,
Working, washing night and day;
Can your foul and base pollutions
While in time be wash'd away?
Tho' to some time should be lengthen'd
That cannot the boon extend;
When eternity you enter,
Charity may you attend.

23 O ye souls who've been enlighten'd,
And in holy pow'r have stood;
Of the heavenly treasures tasted,
Also shar'd the heavenly food;
If from this your backs you've turned,
And the second death explore;
Are you not quite past repentance?
Charity you ask no more.

24 You have crucified the savior,
In your spirits fresh and new;
You have all his calls rejected,
Greater than the railing Jew:
Where is charity abounding,
But through Christ the holy son?
Then if you have crucified him,
Charity with you has done.

25 You can never find forgiveness,
Tho you mourn and weep, lament;
Yours is endless tribulation,
For the vesture you have rent.
Tho' to you should be extended
Charity, your pain appease;
You can't feel yourselves forgiven;
Gnawing worms will give no ease.

26 Know ye this, that in the spirit,
Does the gospel work progress;
'Tis in this we all find travel
In the work of righteousness.
If in this there's opposition
To God's will, his work, his way;
This will cause a crucifixion,
Cause a debt you ne'er can pay.

27 O bless'd charity, forgiver,
Who without thee would be found?
Thou most precious gift and treasure,
Let each heart with thee abound;
Dwell with all the meek and lowly,
Fill them with a fervent prayer;
For the many who are waiting,
And with you would gladly share.

28 Thou dost offer the afflicted,
Soul and body, timely aid,
Always sending consolation,
Where thy visits thou hast made;
Thy attendants, love and kindness,
Mercy, justice, meekness, peace;
Much adorn thy spacious dwelling,
Shining suns which never cease.

29 May this virtue take possession,
And with energy abound;
In my spirit firm and steadfast,
All her virtues twine me round.
May my suff'ring fellow trav'lers,
Feel in me this soothing grace;
Feel by this their griefs assuaged,
In their very trying case.

30 May all zion's habitation
With this best of virtues shine;
May her inmates feel a portion,
And their prayers with it combine.
May it be with all increasing,
Spreading, shining far and near;
That the thousands poor and needy,
Charity, thy sound may hear.

31 O my soul, be never weary,
Till thou art of this possess'd;
And hast found a place abiding,
For of gifts it is the best:
Tho' combin'd are many graces,
Which with charity abound;
And in union find their places
Which in patience will be found.

Patience.

1 Heavenly gift, celestial treasure,
Gem of glory ever bright;
In thy courts I range with pleasure,
To approach thee my delight:
Thy appearance how inviting!
All thy movements how serene!
Peace and quietness uniting
Fair and beauteous is thy mien.

2 Could the artist draw thy likeness,
Could the poets measures tell
All the virtues thou possessest,
'Twould rich jewels far excel.
My endeavors O how feeble!
To portray thy virtues rare;
In attempting language fails me,
And my ideas wanting are.

3 Yet wherever thou art wending,
Calmness, gentleness is found;
Green leaves wave, all twigs are bending
Which thy borders do surround.
Heavenly accents, swell'd by minstrels,
Through the spacious arches round;
Echo praises to the virtues,
Which in thee are always found.

4 When engag'd in scenes most trying,
We from thee assistance find;
Then to us how satisfying,
Is a lovely patient mind;
When through sickness, pain we're suff'ring,
When our comforts seem to cease;
Then we've need of thee O patience,
For in thee we find release.

5 While in duty we're engaged,
In our manual work each day,
Should we find some unexpected
Trivial troubles in our way,
Then how welcome is thy presence,
Then how much thine aid we need;
Then how pleasant thy appearance,
For in patience we proceed.

6 In whatever place thou dwellest,
There thou hast a station found;
There we hear no fret or murmur,
All is quietness around.
All expressions, harsh or rigid,
Find no entrance in thy sphere;
But a gentle, pleasant whisper
Is the lovely sound we hear.

7 Tho' we meet with sore misfortunes,
Suffer pain from foot to crown;
If we are possess'd of patience,
This we bear without a frown.
If we are confin'd with sickness,
For a while should cease to roam;
Lay aside our blithe employment,
With us, patience make thy home.

8 How important is thy presence,
When afflictions roll around;
Gloomy feelings flee before thee,
Smiles and pleasantness abound.
Evil spirits cannot enter,
Or disturb the pleasant scene;
Where possession thou hast taken
All assumes a cheerful mien.

9 What is not within thy power?
Mountains move at thy command;
When combin'd with perseverance,
Lo! most noble fabrics stand.
Tho' some plans which are devised,
Inconsistent may appear;
Quite beyond the strength of mortals,
Yet says patience, persevere.

10 Make true wisdom your companion,
And with justice ever deal;
Keep the truth in your possession,
Then encouragement you'll feel:
Let true carefulness attend you,
And with diligence pursue
Every cause you do engage in,
Patience then will help you through.

11 To the spirit what a blessing
Is true patience day and night;
All afflictions is caressing,
In each visage beams delight:
No rough frowns, complaints or murmurs,
Find a place within thy sphere;
But in weighty sore affliction,
Doth serenely persevere.

12 Tho' temptations are surrounding,
And to trial faith is brought;
Know ye this, saith the Apostle,
Trying faith hath patience wrought:
No temptation can it ruffle,
But its perfect work will do;
Harmonizing all around her;
Lovely graces brings to view.

13 True contentment dwells with patience
Suffering in affliction long;
As the Prophets, for example,
Had for patience, faith made strong. ††
Tho' they suffer'd sore affliction,
Persecution many ways;
Yet with tears they look'd with patience
Still a head for better days.

†† James 5. 10.

14 Tho' their natural expectations
Were not then completely filled;
Yet in patience still they waited
For the promise to them willed:
From the valleys to the mountains,
From their simple homes to dens;
By opposers oft were driven,
Yet their patience never ends.

15 Sawn assunder, racked and tortur'd,
Cloth'd in skins like beasts of prey;
To enrage, provoke the hunger,
Of devouring beasts that lay.
Kept on purpose fed in scanty,
That in fury they might rise,
When these patient helpless creatures
Had been plac'd before their eyes.

16 Through their patience God in mercy,
To their sufferings oft gave ear;
Sending them complete deliverance,
Put their enemies to fear.
Tho' their furnaces were heated,
Hotter far by seven fold;
Yet no scorch or smell of fire,
On its victims had control.

17 Yet were sent soul-trying scourges,
As chastisements, types and signs;
Still they seem'd inspired with courage,
Through the hope of better times.
Mark the scene of Job the sufferer,
In affliction from disease;
With a host of opposition,
Which his sufferings did increase.

18 News was sent of vast destruction,
Of his riches, death of kin;
From his friends no consolation,
But affliction throwing in:
Even satan, with vexation,
Was permitted to attend;
Yet he still maintain'd his patience,
Firm unshaken to the end.

19 O true patience, half thy value
We can never estimate;
Thou a boon, a consolation,
Which no one too high can rate.
May the present generation,
Seek the little rills that flow
From thy never failing fountain,
Drink and thy bless'd virtues know.

20 In the gospel of salvation,
Ev'ry virtue finds a place;
And amidst our gospel armor,
Patience is adorning grace.
If our faith is brought to trial,
Patience there may take her stand;
And assistance always render,
Strength'ning ev'ry faultring hand.

21 Tribulation worketh patience,
Patience leads to righteousness;
Righteousness to life eternal,
Life eternal is our bliss.
Tho' for this we need not tarry,
Till we've pass'd the shores of time;
For on earth it is obtained,
Where these heavenly graces shine.

22 Tho' the former dispensations,
Look'd and sigh'd and groan'd in pain;
To receive this living treasure,
But their sighs were all in vain:
For the time which God had chosen,
Man's redemption to secure;
Was from them at no small distance,
Tho' it look'd so very near.

23 But rejoice ye sons who've found it,
In the selfdenying way;
Tho' there is a cross surrounds it,
This with patience bear each day.
All who're in this dispensation,
Now can share the heavenly prize;
If in patience they will labor,
And with energy arise.

24 Sing ye daughters in redemption,
Sound the virtues you possess;
Fill the holy habitation,
With your love for righteousness.
Hail the blessings now arriven!
Bless the source from whence they came;
Bless the patience which was given,
To communicate the same.

25 Tho' a host of opposition,
Should arise with a mighty arm;
To oppress with sore affliction,
Or produce some great alarm;
Like the host of Gog and Magog,
Soon the tumult, fire will quell;
Leave us all in perfect quiet,
If true patience with us dwell.

26 Never let retaliation
Ever find in us a seat;
But in low humiliation
Bear with patience what we meet.
Always faithful in our duty,
We shall then be sure of aid;
From a power which is almighty
Trust in this, be not afraid.

27 If we've confidence, through trials,
That our God will justice do;
Let us place in him dependence,
This will surely carry us through.
Tho' from us it may be hidden,
He in wisdom doth proceed;
If we do as we are bidden,
We from trouble shall be freed.

28 Tho' the wicked seem to flourish,
Like the "Bay tree" spreading high;
Yet no weapon ever prosper'd,
Which Mount Zion doth defy.
When their measure hath been filled,
When they're left to do no more;
Then the vials of God's judgment,
Round about them he will pour.

29 Patience cryeth to her people,
To be sought of them with zeal;
Saith her perfect work is needed,
That more patience they may feel.
We will seek thee, we will keep thee,
Through our trying scenes below;
Lord O help us gain this virtue,
Do thy strength on us bestow.

30 What would bring such pleasant feelings
What would yield such peace and joy,
If the blessed gift of patience
Reign'd amidst our whole employ?
Then would heavenly love and union,
Cause a smile on evry face;
And the blessed gift of meekness,
Would adorn each soul with grace.

Meekness.

1 Hail thou attribute of heaven!
Thou preparer of the soil;
For the heavenly gospel graces,
This thy labor, this thy toil.
Thou hast found the savior's blessing
Thy supporters he doth bless,
Said, "The earth those should inherit,
Who true meekness should possess.

2 In what place art thou engaged,
Where dost thou in pleasure dwell?
What the vessel to contain thee,
Who hath wisdom this to tell?
Hast thou ever, with frail mortals
Found a quiet resting place?
Hast thou ever been accepted
With a cheerful love embrace?

3 Canst thou show thy place of dwelling?
That thy votries gather near;
To receive a greater portion,
And thy gentle whispers hear.
Art thou found in lofty stations?
Dost thou soar on pinions high?
Or shall we, in valleys lowly,
Find thee when we do draw nigh

4 Hear my words ye honest seekers,
Listen and attention give;
I'll inform you in true meekness,
What's my labor, where I live:
What has been my sole employment,
Since creation first began.
What has been my way of dealing,
With the work of fallen man.

5 When you find my habitation,
Quietness around you'll see;
Not one air of ostentation,
Through my dwellings will there be:
But in low humiliation,
Ev'ry vestage is array'd;
Godly fear and holy wisdom,
In each movement are display'd.

6 I was plac'd at first in Eden,
And with innocence did dwell;
Acting daily in accordance
With our Maker's holy will.
All around was perfect beauty,
All in true perfection stood;
Ev'ry thing in order moving,
And pronounced very good.

7 But a spirit found admittance,
In this paradise below;
Which was striving to be greater
Than was given here to grow;
In this garden took possession,
And disturb'd the pleasant scene;
Pride arose instead of meekness,
Knowledge then became the theme

8 For to know as his Creator,
And to rise above his lead;
Took possession of his nature,
Made himself a God indeed.
Thus he lost th' adorning graces,
Which in beauty him array'd;
Thus deprav'd became his senses,
Was by earthly passions sway'd.

9 Then I, meekness, found no dwelling,
Hid my face lamented sore;
Unto God my prayers ascended,
That frail man he would restore;
That those blessed heavenly graces,
Which at first he did possess;
Might again still find their places,
Learn him truth and righteousness.

10 I've been seeking for admittance,
But, Alas! not long could find
Vessels suited to my purpose,
Which to me did feel resign'd,
Till the blessed lovely Savior
Bade me enter, with him dwell.
Here I found all things restored,
Ev'ry grace was suited well.

11 Here I found a peaceful dwelling,
Here with quietness could rest;
Here I found my whole desires,
And of food I found the best.
Here in suffrings I was present,
Midst the scoffs of haughty Jews;
Yet my dwelling always pleasant,
Gentle as the falling dews.

12 Here was surely an example,
Perfect pattern, all complete;
Emblem of the guests of heaven,
Here these virtues found a seat:
Never did they lose their places,
With afflictions tho' beset;
Often scourg'd with foul menaces,
Yet no murmur, frown or fret.

13 Thus I found a vessel fitted,
Ev'ry way to my desire;
Where no stain or imperfection,
Ever washing did require.
Since from Eden I departed,
Nought like this has met my view;
Now for others I am searching,
That with them a work I do.

14 Few I find prepar'd and ready,
To receive me, give me rest;
Being oft possess'd of spirits,
Which are quite unwelcome guests.
If there should be peace and quiet,
When I enter, take my seat;
If these spirits find admittance,
I must surely then retreat.

15 I will name some few attendants,
Which possession often take;
Who disturb and cause confusion,
Then the vessel I forsake.
If a proud and haughty feeling,
Enters here I cannot stay;
This ne'er dwells among the graces,
Which adorn the lowly way.

16 When a spirit of rebelion,
To the Lead in Zion laid;
In the mansion gains admittance,
Then my work is always staid.
Vain and foolish conversation,
Angry passion, self esteem;
Language harsh, a ruffled spirit,
Never will with me be seen.

17 Neither can I make my dwelling,
Where the sensual passions reign;
But clean vessels purified,
There with pleasure I remain.
Where the fear of God is wanting,
Midst the boisterous winds that blow;
There I find no place of resting,
There I, meekness, cannot go.

18 Thus I've search'd for dwelling places
Where I could in peace abide;
If the vessels were not fitted,
Then to fit them I have tried
I have often help'd in cleansing,
For in meekness I attend;
All who have a gentle spirit
Always prove to me a friend.

19 Where I dwell there's condescension,
All around is love and peace;
Nothing is there ever mention'd,
Which can cause a smile to cease.
Pleasant faces, pleasant feelings,
Ever glowing with delight;
Truth and justice in all dealings,
Earth and heaven thus unite

20 Thus I've made my habitation;
A most lovely happy place
Other virtues my relations,
Much adorn the same with grace.
'Tis a valley very lovely,
Only gain'd by cautious steps;
Such as fear the Lord in travel,
Meekness only there accepts.

21 O then meekness, may I travel
In the certain road to thee;
May I never stop to cavil,
When a cross shall come to me.
May I feel a true submission
To the will of God made known;
That thou wilt give me permission,
To come hence forth near thy throne.

22 May the fear of God forever,
Be implanted in my heart;
That in trav'ling I may never
From thy certain path depart.
Thou hast treasures worth obtaining
Richer far than choicest gold;
Who possess them are enriched
In their store house many fold.

23 All who find thee feel assurance,
And their walk both day and night,
Is in perfect strict accordance
To revealed heavenly light
Which doth teach us true submission,
And to sacrifice our wills,
Unto God in true contrition
That his purpose we fulfill.

24 Feeling this to be our duty,
With a cheerful heart proceed;
Thou true meekness art the beauty
Of the holy land indeed.
Thou the gospel soil preparest,
Ready for the precious seed,
Which the angels sow with pleasure,
Free from evry noxious weed.

25 Gospel graces are the offspring,
Which are rooted firm and deep;
In angelic beauty blooming,
Lovely harvest there we reap.
Joy unceasing crowns the labors.
Blessings flow from ev'ry place,
Where are fill'd the precious garners,
With each lovely gospel grace.

26 Thou dost form on earth a heaven,
Where thy goodness is display'd,
Ev'ry tear and thought of sorrow,
From thy presence is convey'd
Ev'ry visage bears the likeness
Of contentment joy and peace;
Ev'ry breath is full of blessing
Which forever will increase

27 O then meekness, take possession,
Ev'ry moving fibre fill;
That all times I may be ready
To obey thy lovely will.
When my feet are put in motion
May they move at thy control;
May thy virtues, gentle meekness,
Ever dwell within my soul.

28 May all self exalted feelings,
Stubbornness and haughty pride,
Fall before thee, blessed meekness,
Be forever laid aside.
Do environ all my senses,
Of my actions take control;
May I show in evry motion
Meekness truly fills my soul.

29 May I ever feel dependent,
In obedience daily live;
Walk in low humiliation,
Unto God my talents give.
May the spirit of true meekness
Ever be my constant friend;
All my walks and daily movements
Holy meekness, do attend.

30 What on earth appears more lovely,
What is greater to obtain,
Than such lovely, heavenly graces
As the gospel does contain?
What can ornament the spirit
More than meekness to possess?
When each other we're addressing;
Thus we can each other bless.

31 This, an ornament of heaven,
Which rich jewels will outshine;
Or the finest golden treasure,
Gather'd from the richest mine:
Ever shining gem of beauty,
In eternal worlds above,
Stay with me, combin'd forever,
With simplicity and love.

Simplicity.

1 Blessed treasure, bright, celestial,
Wreathe of beauty, splendant ray;
Far surpassing things terrestrial,
O simplicity, thy way.
Thou art found in humble stations,
Growing from a soil that's bless'd;
Under heavenly cultivation,
And in lovely beauty dress'd.

2 Clothed with the smiles of heaven,
Which the lovely Savior bore;
Who at first this boon presented,
First thy shining virtues wore.
Lovely paths thou ever treadest,
In true gentleness thy step;
Cautious, careful all thy doings
From high places thou art kept.

3 How delightful is thy dwelling,
O the scene, how beauteous, fair!
Earth's fine glory, far excelling,
All thy viands choice and rare.
Here we sip from little flowers,
Purer sweets than doth the bee,
In the brightest morning hours
From the splendid flowers we see.

4 Strengthning is the little morsel
Which thy heavenly flowrets yield;
When we touch and taste sincerely
Every weakness is conceal'd;
See the countenance how cheerful,
View the lovely smile it wears;
When each other we are greeting,
Glows of beauty always bears.

5 With true carefulness attending
Ev'ry thought, each word and way;
That no deed shall be offending,
Or be felt a ruffled spray.
But simplicity how calmly
Thou dost quell the rising foam;
Gently speaking, calmly calling,
With simplicity, come home.

6 All thy ways how meek and humble
Gentleness in ev'ry state;
Naught thats lofty or assuming,
Ever can thy scenes await.
In the valley low thou dwellest
Where rash winds can never harm;
Here is safety and protection
Here we always find a calm.

7 Like the child who feels dependent
On its parents for support;
Is the soul whose love and meekness,
True simplicity doth court.
Ev'ry word from simple nature
Doth the lovely child express;
Thus receiv'd from its Creator,
Without lofty style or dress.

8 Lo the Savior plainly tells us
That conversion we all need;
To become like little children,
If disciples we're indeed.
Without which we're in proud nature,
Knowing not the simple way;
Man best honors his Creator,
Nor his statutes does obey.

9 Self exalted haughty feelings
With the simple never dwell;
But the least are always greatest
Who in simple ways excel.
Who is wise in worldly wisdom,
Is a fool in his conceit;
Knowing nothing of true greatness
Which simplicity doth meet.

10 Search the valley for true wisdom,
There it always doth abound;
There 'tis growing, there 'tis gained,
With humility 'tis found.
'Tis the simple who obtain it
'Tis by simple ways obtain'd
Simple dress and simple speeches
Show simplicity is gained.

11 Love is always an attendant,
Where simplicity doth reign;
All her ways are so inviting,
All who know her, seek and gain.
Wealth and honor, gold or silver
Never can the soul array,
With such beauty or such splendor
As her lovely simple way.

12 All thy works, O Lord are simple,
This creation doth display;
Fields and forests, mountains, waters
Simple traits to us convey.
Oft we see the beauteous flower,
Springing from its mother earth,
Dress'd in beauty and in splendor,
Yet how simple was its birth.

13 When we view the starry heavens,
We behold much greatness there;
Works of power gently moving,
Yet a simple aspect wear.
Mortal man aspires for greatness,
'Tis no right he has to claim;
Tho' most noble of creation,
Was created not for fame.

14 Gifted with superior talents,
Wisdom given to direct;
That he might maintain his union
To his maker with respect.
Simply cloth'd with ev'ry virtue,
Which his person could adorn;
Made by far the noblest creature
With god's image for his form.

15 While this image he retrieved,
While in rectitude he stood;
Ev'ry deed which he performed,
His Creator saw was good:
Shar'd his blessing, notice, favor.
Gave him Eden's soil to dress;
Thus employ'd in simple labor,
All things needful did possess.

16 Here simplicity was reigning,
Naught to chafe its pleasant lay;
All harmonious, ev'ry motion,
Wav'd the blessings of the day.
Lord of all that stood around him,
Through the power which he possess'd;
Yet was simple, not exalted,
Tho' he stood above the rest.

17 But a foul rebelious spirit,
Haughty, proud, self loving fiend;
Enter'd near those blissful borders,
When so well he was convein'd.
Then with vile insinuations
Strove to thwart and change his mood;
Disregard the laws his maker
Had establish'd for his good.

18 Giving heed to this base flatry,
Prides himself with knowledge great;
As his lord endow'd with pow'r,
Gives up to this fallen state.
Thus his sense became depraved,
Rose above his lord his lead,
And with high exalted feelings
Made himself as God indeed.

19 Thus for knowledge he was aiming,
Which belonged to God alone;
Higher up a seat was claiming
Than his Maker seemed to own.
Here with self exalted feelings
He in judgment could decide;
Knowing well both good and evil
In which place himself doth pride.

20 But simplicity has hail'd him,
Call'd him to descend a step;
His own plans have mostly fail'd him,
Which for self he did erect.
He can't rise above the fountain,
But must trace the valley lower;
As a rivulet, turning winding,
Which in gentleness doth pour.

21 Bending, turning, always moving,
In the lowest path made known;
Tho' it often may come crossing,
What at first self had him shown.
In this way is found the travel
To that meek and lowly way;
Which was open'd by the Savior,
And for which he taught to pray.

22 Not my will, but thine, most holy
Father, in my soul be done;
All thy calls are just and righteous,
In thy kingdom which has come.
May I seek to do no other,
May my prayers to thee ascend;
And thee only may I worship,
When the knee I humbly bend.

23 May my feelings, all my senses
With thy brightness be illum'd;
May the lofty clogs of nature
By thy spirit be consum'd.
May I seek a dwelling lowly
Where simplicity doth reign;
May I come to thee wash'd cleanly,
Without blemish spot or stain.

24 Thy most holy sacred altar
Where all gifts divine are brought;
May I reverence in submission,
And approach with holy thought.
May I there feel resignation
Nor one selfish motive claim;
But in simple condescension,
There devote myself for gain.

25 May simplicity adorn me,
All my ways and words control;
Be delight to all around me,
As a simple humble soul.
May my words be soft and gentle,
At all times, in ev'ry place;
As becomes a soul that's simple
Fill'd with holy fear and grace

26 When the raging winds of passion
May arise and harshly blow;
Let me speak in language gentle,
Show myself both humble, low.
May the fear of God surround me,
When at home, abroad I'm found;
That I bear a good example
Unto all who are around.

27 When I meet the unbeliever,
May simplicity appear
In my walks and evry feature,
That he may the same revere.
May no ostentatious feelings
E'er this attribute disgust,
O simplicity thy dwellings
Are to me, of all, the first.

28 May I daily be improving,
In this simplifying way;
Coming down from all thats lofty,
Ne'er on high hills longer stray.
There the winds are roughly blowing,
Lofty trees before them fall;
Which indeed is truly showing
Those least touch'd are very small.

29 Dwelling in the lowly valley,
All in safety does abide;
But are passed over calmly,
Let whatever may betide.
Here then I can find protection
Here I'll ever dwell secure;
Let the winds be o'er me howling,
They can't touch me I am sure.

30 O simplicity, thy mansion
Is the dwelling place for me;
All is lovely, cheerful, pleasant,
With thy dwellers may I be.
Thou affordest many treasures
Richer far than mines of gold
Here the lovers of thy pleasures
May secure an hundred fold.

Humility.

1 O humility, thou teacher,
Attribute of wisdom's hand;
Thou in practice art a preacher
Which a hearing doth command.
At a distance, thou beholdest
Haughtiness and glory vain;
But the humble thou embracest
And will ever such maintain.

2 Thou dost dwell with holy wisdom,
In submission thou dost bend;
Every movement in accordance
To the counsel she doth send.
Thou dost dwell with love and meekness,
Godly virtues thee surround;
With the shining host of heaven
Thou art ever to be found.

3 When the soul feels tribulation,
When repentance bows it low;
And with godly sorrow filled,
Then thy virtues thou dost show.
Tis abasing unto mortals,
When themselves they're led to view;
To behold so small a creature,
And so little he can do.

4 Poor, dependent, frail unworthy,
Little confidence can claim;
Tho' in nature may have flourish'd
Or aloft has stood in fame.
Yet how soon his greatness ceases,
When repentance makes a call;
As humility increases
He appears but very small.

5 All earth's glories then will vanish,
With which once himself did pride;
All will seem but vain and foolish
Worthless trash to lay aside.
But he views humiliation
As an attribute of worth;
To bring down a proud sensation
Where he finds another birth.

6 As humility advances,
And begins to bow the soul,
Under heavy tribulation.
Meek sensations take control.
High and self exalted feelings
No more satiate the mind;
Seem as bubbles quickly vanish,
No more glory there can find.

7 O thou source of all true goodness,
None without thee can arise;
None can feel the great importance,
Pride and self to sacrifice.
This awakens every feeling,
Righteous courses to pursue
In all movements and all dealings
To be honest just and true.

8 No sensations are permitted
To enhance the humble mind;
Only those precisely fitted,
Every ray of pride to bind.
Righteous, holy and eternal,
Are thy ways, humility;
Where thy rod is only given,
It doth lead to purity.

9 Where dwells pride and fell ambition
There unholiness prevails;
All is in forlorn condition
Goodness nothing there awaits.
Never finds a lasting dwelling,
Never enters with delight;
Never can be reconciled
With proud feelings to unite.

10 Just as well might flesh and spirit,
Fire and water all agree;
As for true humiliation
In a lofty chime to be.
Certainly they've no connexion,
One, the [illegible] other will destroy
Great the contrast there existing
One brings trouble, other joy.

11 Where humility's abounding,
All in harmony unite
In one spirit jointly moving
Serve one God with sweet delight
No one strives to be the greatest
Each one seeks another's good;
Wishing comfort peace and blessing,
Ev'ry word's in simple mood.

12 No vile envy is molesting
Where this attribute doth reign;
But by all is felt a blessing,
As to one for all is gain.
This produces pleasant feelings
Brings a smile on ev'ry face,
All in cheerful spirits greeting
With a lovely warm embrace.

13 What in souls appears more lovely
Than a humble peaceful mind?
With the fear of God most holy,
Ever to his will resign'd?
What enlivens, cheers the feelings
Like the pleasantness it brings?
Not the diamonds, crowns of princes,
Nor the palaces of kings.

14 Where humility's abounding,
All is harmony and peace;
Evry duty lot and calling
Is promoted for increase.
No aspirants to be leaders,
All contented in their lot;
Evry one's a worthy member
Hand or foot is not forgot.

15 No one says unto the other
I can find no need of you;
But like simple sister, brother,
Have respect in all they do.
Not the head claims all the honor,
But the body jointly one,
Tho' compos'd of many members
All in harmony to run.

16 No one claims a seat of honor,
Higher than his joint compeer;
But considers all are equal,
If in duty they appear.
What's a head without a body?
What's a body with no head?
Both would be but useless lumber,
Senseless, palsied, surely dead.

17 But in union harmonizing,
Where humility prevails;
Each alike is duly honor'd,
Not a member ever fails.
See the man who had ten talents;
See the one who had but two;
Both were rulers, highly honor'd,
Both as servants had been true.

18 Honor only is deserving
Where true faithfulness attends;
If for works we are rewarded,
This true judgment recommends.
But no pride can claim attention,
In those precincts cannot come;
Wherein dwells humiliation
'Tis thrown off a useless skum.

19 All vain glory is rejected
In what ever form or dress
It may come or be extended
Never makes the least ingress.
What is clothing of the body?
For an ornament or show?
But to nurse a spirit haughty
Win attention where they go.

20 'Tis a mind of little value
Which in gaudy plumes arrays;
As a token of its greatness
Either for applause or praise.
'Tis a mortal only cover'd
With a cloak from mortal sight;
Whats within is seen discover'd,
By an eye that's piercing light.

21 Tho' vain pride with its attendants
Should awhile secreted be;
Under cover of apparel
Yet that eye the whole doth see.
All the attributes of evil
May from mortal sight be hid;
Yet it does not change the creature
Nor the soul from darkness rid.

22 But humility's unveiled,
All its attributes appear;
As without so the internal,
At a distance, so when near
Unassuming in its language,
Nought offensive to the ear;
But its pleasant gentle graces
All in loveliness appear.

23 All combin'd thy heavenly graces,
Hand to hand to me draw near
Of my spirit take possession
That with thee I may appear.
May my walks be in thy borders,
May my language imitate,
Thy bless'd sound thats ever flowing,
Blessing to communicate

24 Fill me with thy pure sensation,
Night and day my mind control;
That with heavenly pure reflections
Evry thought may through me roll.
Cause my feet to stand unmoved,
And my tongue to silent lay;
When the tide of aught is rolling,
Which will throw a contra spray.

25 Let no worldly glory prompt me,
From thy presence to withdraw;
But to keep within thy hearing
Learn and understand thy law.
Heed thy precepts and example,
Follow thee from day to day;
Be my language, modest, simple,
True humility portray.

26 May all nations seek thine altar,
Sacrifice their haughty air;
Till they feel humiliation
On their spirits gently bear:
Till it softens all their feelings,
As the plastic mother's hand;
On the heads of lovely infants,
Who obey at her command.

27 This a virtue worth possessing,
Without which no one can make
Speedy travel or progression,
Or of heavenly joys partake.
If we travel for the kingdom
And a mansion there obtain;
We must be both small and humble,
Free from pride and ev'ry stain.

28 Who would not lay off the garments
Which the narrow path can't go?
If no one is there admitted
Saving those who're very low?
None but those who're very humble
E'er can find a passage there;
'Tis the road that's broad where many
Haughty subjects must repair.

29 Could the thousands who are aiming
For a heavenly world of bliss;
Be appriz'd, their pride be staining,
And be led to think of this,
No more moments would they squander,
Glory vain to magnify;
But would gladly all surrender,
And the narrow path would try.

30 Then humility would clothe them,
Shield them from the raging storm;
Lead them in a way that's pleasant,
Cheerfulness their hearts would warm;
Feed them with the best of treasures,
Which all humble souls enjoy;
Revel in the sweetest pleasures,
In the heavens their employ.

31 Where is bless'd humiliation?
Other virtues brightly shine;
Ornamenting all around them,
With the light of heaven divine.
'Tis a source of light and goodness,
Righteousness doth here abound;
Ev'ry grace to mortals given,
In its circle will be found.

Honesty.

1 Listen all, and give attention,
When this attribute appears;
Ev'ry word in truth is spoken,
Banish then all doubts and fears.
Honesty's the only step stone
Which can lead the soul aright,
To the work of true perfection
Or can yield it pure delight.

2 E'v'ry other grace combined,
Void of this will not avail
Any peace or consolation
But of true perfection fail.
'Tis to this we owe our safety,
'Tis the helm by which we steer;
Through the rolling waves of judgment,
Safely to a conscience clear.

3 Bright and pure are all its mansions,
Not a soil within is found;
All its inmates cloth'd with beauty,
Smiling angels hover round.
'Tis a purifying virtue,
Only which the soul redeems;
From the stains incur'd by yielding
Unto earth's delusive dreams.

4 When before the sacred altar
Which for man the Lord has built;
Where he can present an off'ring,
As atonement for his guilt.
Honesty must there be reigning,
Else his duty does not do;
But returns with conscience guilty,
With a sin there added to.

5 See the fate of Annanias,
For dishonest false report,
When before the Lord's Anointing,
Honesty did not support.
Here was death, a warning judgment,
Speedily on him return'd;
Then the body, now the spirit
Is the death to be discerned.

6 This bless'd atribute will cherish
And enliven evry soul;
Who adopts its lovely precepts,
Let it reign with sweet control.
Confidence the spring of action,
By it truly is sustain'd;
Love to evry gospel virtue,
With true honesty is gain'd.

7 Who can claim the name of christian
Or its sacredness revere;
If they have not in possession,
Honesty, with godly fear.
'Tis in vain to think of living
Righteous, holy, pure and clean,
With deceitful hearts and feelings,
Never willing to be seen.

8 Vile deception with its covering,
Ev'ry honest heart will shun;
These can never be united,
Or together ever run.
Far from truth and true uprightness,
Is deception's hidden way;
Gog and Magog its companions,
Cover'd from the light of day.

9 Christ the Savior once pronounced
On the hypocrite a woe;
But on true and honest hearted,
Heavenly blessings did bestow.
Such the good soil represented,
Which produc'd a fruitful yield;
Being dress'd and cultivated
In the fertile gospel field.

10 Blessings e'er attend the honest,
Consolation day and night;
In their spirits are possessing
Knowing well they're in the light.
All their doings are uncover'd,
Nothing do they wish to hide;
But in boldness are progressing
Till completely purified.

11 O bless'd honesty, how lovely
Thy appearance, ev'ry where!
Thine a praise in ev'ry station,
Wreaths of beauty thou dost wear:
Ornamenting all around thee,
With rich graces nought excels,
On the earth or in the heavens,
Where thy glory ever dwells.

12 All who love thee meet with pleasure
In the rays of purest light;
Seen and known are all thy treasures,
Which appear in glory bright.
By a pure angelic travel,
Those choice graces are obtain'd,
Through a life of selfdenial,
Leaves the character unstain'd.

13 Honesty in all conditions,
Is extalled in ev'ry place;
As a gift divinely given
To the soul adorning grace.
From the prating tongues of children,
What an honor doth bestow:
To be sure that all their doings
From an honest heart do flow.

14 How delightful our sensation,
When we meet the blooming youth;
With a conscious honest feeling,
Ever more to speak the truth.
This a flower not to be blighted,
Such produce most precious fruit;
Nurtur'd, strengthen'd, lov'd and cherished.
Should be ev'ry branch and root.

15 Nothing wins more approbation,
Nothing higher stands in fame,
Than a faithful honest doing,
Or more confidence can claim.
This aloof a name doth record,
Which with pleasure thousands read;
Smiling on its worthy author
For the very honest deed.

16 What enjoyment, what a blessing,
That in middle life we know;
We have this in our possession,
Honesty where'er we go.
Better far than precious ointment
Is a name of honest feat,
Such by many is extended,
And will be an odor sweet.

17 What on earth can crown the aged,
Or such pleasant feelings yield
As a view on retrospection,
That their life's in light reveal'd.
That uprightness in their dealings,
Honesty in all they've done;
Through their minds is daily rolling,
And a conscience clear have won.

18 Peace to such then is proclaimed,
Joy and comfort ever more;
They've a character unsullied
Left upon this mortal shore.
And in worlds above prepared,
Is a mansion pure and bright;
Where repose from earthly labor,
They'll enjoy with great delight.

19 With the Lamb's beloved number
Which upon Mount Zion stand;
From the deeds of man redeemed,
They're united in one band.
Grateful praises daily singing,
For redemption they have gain'd;
Knowing that they have a garment
Lovely, cleanly, white, unstain'd.

20 O then may this virtue flourish,
Spread its influence far and near;
1 That as ornaments of motion,
On the earth souls may appear.
May it force the secret windings
Of vain hypocrites' deceit,
From their dark and gloomy covert,
And the light of heaven meet.

21 May it search within the borders
Of each one, who has a claim
On the precepts of the Savior,
Or has call'd upon his name.
May it there be firmly planted,
Root and grow, and find increase,
That there may be seen at harvest,
Fruits of righteousness and peace.

22 May the careless unrelenting,
Be affected with its lay;
And be mov'd to moral duty
Some respect and reverance pay
To this virtue in their doings,
That in honesty they deal
With their friends and fellow mortals,
That henceforth calm peace they feel.

23 May all former wrongs be righted
By conviction on the mind;
If in measure or in value,
Any fault has been design'd;
This a deed of greater value,
Than of searching mines for gold;
This will reconcile the spirit,
More than things e'er bought and sold.

24 Souls of good report and honest,
In what place are seen or known;
Are for this belov'd, respected,
Such have favors kindly shown:
Such in passing through life's journey,
In their spirits feel compos'd;
Of a blessing feel assured,
When turmoils of earth are clos'd.

25 May all nations then revere thee,
O thou treasure, virtue's guide;
When thou callest, may they hear thee,
May they in thy courts abide.
May they never fear to enter
On thy list, their names to stand;
Never more to be erased
From the truly honest band.

26 Mercy stands with thee connected,
With thee enters Achor's door;
Will be felt in all redresses
As a blessing ever more
Turning from dishonest doings
Is deserving honor, praise;
Claims a share of life eternal,
And from gloom the spirits raise.

27 Enter then, thou blessed virtue,
All our portals with delight;
Take control of all our doings,
Make us honest, true, upright.
Let thy lamp be ever burning,
That thy way we see most clear;
And to thee may we be turning,
Till we feel thy presence near.

28 Till we feel an inward moving,
Ev'ry action to control;
Till in conscience we can answer,
Honesty has fill'd my soul.
Till our doings, former, present,
All in open view are plac'd;
And with truth, thy sure attendant,
May our lips be ever grac'd.

29 When thou takest full dominion,
When thine attributes prevail;
When the nations all adore thee
Then thee welcome all will hail.
Then true righteousness shall flourish,
Then shall peace abroad be spread;
Then the kingdom of our Savior
Will appear the ruling head.

30 Spread with speed thy sacred calling,
Let no duty cause delay;
Till we all are made partakers
And true honesty obey.
May we no more slack our travel,
Or in quiet ease remain;
Till we can in our possession,
This bliss'd attribute maintain

31 Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are true;
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Are the works the righteous do;
If there be in this a virtue
Which we all desire to know,
Let us cultivate most freely
Ev'ry source which makes it grow.

Continence.

1 Pure, celestial, heavenly virtue,
Joy of heaven and heavenly mirth;
At thy dwelling is perfection,
Thou hast pearls of greatest worth.
In the likeness of thy Author,
In bright glory dost appear;
All thy ways are true perfection,
Kin to angels thou art near.

2 Holiness are thy enclosures,
Comeliness is thy attire;
Innocence are all thy movements
Purity is thy desire.
Thou the source of selfdenial
Thy sensation's ever chaste;
When thou art in contemplation
Joys of heaven thou dost taste.

3 Thou dost never look with pleasure
On the vanities of time
Or for them hast no desire,
But for treasures more sublime
Nothing is by thee permitted,
For a moment to abide;
In the thought or call attention,
Which would lead the soul aside.

4 But refin'd is every feeling,
All desires from motives pure;
To promote sensations heavenly,
An angelic life secure.
All temptations, vain, alluring,
Never can the mind enhance;
They are known at first appearance,
And no nearer can advance.

5 Like unto our heavenly Savior,
Whom the world was plac'd before;
With her choice and golden treasures;
Tempting him them to adore:
But the heavenly prize eternal,
Was the precious pearl to win;
Aught beside brought to his senses
Never found admittance in.

6 In true continence he reigned,
Triumph'd o'er the vilest foe;
All Jehovah's laws maintained,
Persecutions did forego.
Thus he glorified his father,
And became his rightful heir;
Of his blessing gain'd possession
Which he treasur'd up with care.

7 Thus a pattern pure and heavenly,
Set for us to imitate,
By a life of self denial,
Continence ne'er violate.
While we follow his example
And ourself, our all resign;
We are making some progression
Towards true continence divine.

8 Hail thou virtue ever lovely!
Virgin purity so fair;
Do thou keep within my circle,
That of thee I have a share;
Turn my thoughts with gentle whispers,
When from thee I deign to roam;
That I keep within thy borders
And with thee do find a home.

9 Thou dost keep a separation,
From the world, thy subjects true;
Nor with ties unto it blending,
Hast thou any thing to do.
Where the mind becomes corrupted
Through the world's delusive snares;
Thou hast kept at no small distance
This thy presence never bears.

10 Those who harbor impure feelings,
Let them daily fill the mind;
Rather keep, than to reject them
This bliss'd virtue never find.
But absorb'd in vile corruption
All their doings foul and base;
Unto thee have no alliance,
Thou dost hide from them thy face.

11 Can the thoughts be thus corrupting,
Or the soul from duty swerve;
While we have but pure intentions?
Good intentions only serve?
If the mind be thus controled,
And allow'd all to engage
Which unto it is unfolded
Soon 'twould be an unclean cage.

12 This in spirit is adultry,
Which cannot be reconciled;
With sensations pure and holy
Or a spirit undefil'd,
Thoughts intrude before an action;
'Tis then by the souls consent,
They abide with satisfaction,
Or away are quickly sent.

13 But, says continence, reject them,
When their first appearance make;
Call on me and I'll assist you,
Of my goodness freely take:
If you keep in your possession
Heavenly virtues from my store,
They'll so far exceed vain folly
You'll reject them evermore.

14 Seek ye me in all your doings,
Heaven owns me for her own;
Then shall ye be purified,
And will there yet find a home,
There to reign in holy freedom,
There rejoicing with that band,
Who have found complete redemption,
And upon Mount Zion stand.

15 What has form'd the host of heaven?
Who sing praises day and night:
Unto God for their redemption,
In the realms of pure delight;
'Tis the pure angelic feeling,
Which from continence proceeds
And which such have truly nourish'd,
By their pure and holy deeds.

16 What has gain'd the approbation
Of our God and angels too;
Where souls freely are admitted
With "Well done ye faithful few."
Is it not by daily living
In the self denying way?
Washing, cleansing, purifying,
Nor from continence to stray.

17 What creates pure love and union,
Where no feuds can e'er molest?
Where in gospel true affection
Lovely feelings are caressed?
Where each one can bless the other
Where to all is kindness shown?
Is it not the lovely virtue
Of bless'd continence alone

18 What produces cheerful feelings
And a smile on ev'ry face?
When we meet or greet each other,
Is it not this lovely grace?
What doth justify the conscience,
Keep from condemnation free?
Walking in humiliation,
And pure continence with thee.

19 What yields consolation daily
When we retrospection view?
When we see our lives most clearly
And our walks are known all through
'Tis thy presence and thy doings
'Tis by thine auspicious care;
That we show as we're progressing
Fruits which contenence doth bear.

20 What brings life and animation,
Strength and courage to proceed?
Through the storms of vile temptations
When we all assistance need?
'Tis on thee we cast the honor,
O bles'd contenence so fair!
'Tis the joy thou ever bringest,
That for thee we anxious are.

21 What appears with so much beauty
As a soul possess'd of thee?
Ev'ry garment pure and cleanly
As the whitest purity.
Drinking waters clear as crystal,
Feeding on but heaven's fare
Constantly the vitals filling
With thy pure and holy air.

22 Not a sound is ever utter'd,
Save what purity can bless;
Not a thought allow'd to enter,
Which is not true righteousness:
Not a blemish in thy circle,
All perfection shining clear;
Where thou reignest, hast dominion,
Heavens beauty doth appear,

23 Thou hast roam'd through earth unnotic'd
Left, neglected, never sought;
Base and filthy, foul pollution,
Has corrupted evry thought.
No admittance hast thou gained,
Where in peace thou couldst remain;
Or where thou couldst find a dwelling,
Purified from evry stain

24 Many saw thee at a distance,
In thy glory richly dress'd;
But for weakness could not travel
To thy holy place of rest.
Yet in promises confided,
That the time at length would come;
When they should be highly favor'd,
In thy realms to find a home.

25 Glory be to God in heaven,
That the way is now reveal'd;
Where the soul can find admittance,
To the glories thou dost yield.
Tho' but few as yet are willing,
To resign their all for thee;
Come directly at thy bidding,
Or thy beauty full to see.

26 But O Lord, unclench the eyelids,
Of this slumbering, stupid race;
Cause thy light to shine so piercing,
That they may behold thy face.
Do their dormant senses quicken,
That thy word they understand;
That they gladly may receive it,
Leave in haste old Sodom's land

27 Turn their senses from earth's glory,
That thy will they seek to know;
Show them all on earth is fleeting,
Nothing lasting can bestow.
Show them that thy way is lovely,
That they seek it with delight;
That they may take hold in earnest,
Work for thee with all their might

28 Send abroad thy faithful servants;
With the tidings far and near;
Till the nations all shall know thee,
And thy holy work revere.
Show them where the standard's planted,
Firm forever more to stand;
Give them courage to be nearing,
Move them Lord, at thy command.

29 May they never halt or linger,
Or be left to turn aside;
After once they've truly started,
Be to them O Lord, a guide.
Till they learn thy holy precepts
Learn to fear thy righteous name;
By repentance, washing, cleansing,
Till they're free from sin and shame.

30 May the attributes of heaven,
Be reviv'd in evry heart;
There forever take possession,
There perform an active part.
Unto thee, thou lovely virtue,
Continence, I humbly pray;
Of my spirit take possession
Through the realms of endless day.

Innocence.

1 Smiling emblem of perfection,
Lovely beauty marks thy way;
Thou dost show the perfect image
All its attributes portray.
Pleasantness is thy appearance
All who hail thee feel a glow,
Which produces like sensations,
All around where e'er they go

2 Thou hast boldness which is comely,
Mark'd with confidence most clear;
Never changest thy appearance,
But serenely dost appear:
Free from ev'ry accusation
Which the slandrous tongue might vent;
Never hast a wrong intention;
Nor occasion to repent

3 With the honest is thy dwelling,
With the pure thy greatest love;
All thy movements are attended
With the meekness of a dove.
Condemnation never finds thee,
In thy courts 'tis never seen;
Sin thy hands hath never stained
All thy garments white and clean.

4 When thou meetest thy companions,
Eye to eye the course direct;
With the sweetest approbation,
That thou knowest no defect:
Not a change in thy appearance,
Not a faulter marks its way;
But O Innocence! thy virtue,
Hath with confidince thy stay.

5 May this virtue take possession,
In each heart where faith is sown;
May it there be firmly rooted,
And in ev'ry one be known;
May all hail it as a treasure,
To be sought with earnest care,
Give all diligence to gain it,
Time or labor never spare.

6 If in any this be lacking,
Search the other virtues through
See, of them if they've possession,
Or in them are lacking too.
If with honesty they've trifled,
Or its calls have deign'd to heed;
Then the cause is known most clearly,
They've a conscience not yet freed.

7 But the soul is still in darkness,
Wallowing in its native lore;
Drown'd with guilt and condemnation
These pure virtues don't adore,
Confidence is not obtained,
Innocence doth not appear;
Not a virtue herein named,
Finds a place of action here.

8 Evry grace to mortals given,
Will in beauty harmonize;
Where is one, there stands the other,
In their union glory lies:
In their union lies the power,
Their designs to prosecute;
Each performs its proper office,
Which doth well its author suit.

9 Without which there's no perfection,
Not a whole but part we view;
Can the work of God's creation,
Stand unfinish'd or untrue?
Must not joint to joint united,
Move precisely at his will?
Not a member to be slighted
But its duty to fulfil

10 Then alone no godly virtue
Acts or moves or can exist;
But in harmony together,
All their forces do enlist.
Then with overcoming power,
They their Author's sceptre sway
Being crown'd with love and beauty,
True perfection thus display.

11 Innocence first ~~animated~~ emminated,
From the source of light divine;
As an ornament of heaven,
Sent to man through grace benign.
He can gain it by pursuing
Holiness in deed and thought;
Without which tis not attained,
Tho' it should be early sought.

12 Those who harbor selfish feelings,
Nor reject temptation's bane;
Feast upon a vile sensation,
Continence can never gain.
First, the mind becomes corrupted,
There the seed of sin is sown;
If 'tis nourished for a season,
'Twill produce a germ full grown

13 Bud and blossom then succeeding,
Brighter still the prospect grows;
Still increasing animation,
With its fragrance where it goes.
Soon the fruit is found matured,
Which the sense has imag'd fair;
Just the food to feast the senses,
Sink the soul in deep despair.

14 This produces condemnation,
Continence hath fled away;
Left the creature in defilement,
Groping in his native lay:
There chagrin pervades the features,
Nor with confidence appear;
Guilt and shame now take possession,
Light and purity they fear.

15 If the life be cover'd, hidden,
And the light of truth can't bear;
Innocence there finds no dwelling,
Nor has any beauties there:
But where deeds to light are open,
Dwells the soul in innocence;
Shades of darkness never enter,
Nor a feign'd or vain pretence.

16 E'vry fol'wer of the Savior,
As a pearl this virtue seeks;
To be worn, is highly valued,
Of its richness often speaks:
'Tis with confidence united,
Without one the other fails;
And if these should both be wanting,
Melancholy then prevails.

17 Hide not from us when we search thee,
But O meet us on our way;
When thou knowest our intentions,
Are with Thee henceforth to stay;
Cause us never more to stumble,
Never more a frown to wear;
Never more to fret or murmur,
At whatever cross we bear.

18 May thy smile on us be printed,
As a mark thy lambs to know;
Who in innocence are living,
While our dwelling is below.
May those who are still around us,
Hail thy visage midst the band;
By its beauty be attracted,
And with thee in glory stand.

19 What an ornament in heaven,
What a blessing on the earth;
Is this attribute so lovely,—
Innocence, thy love is mirth.
Joys celestial thou dost mingle
With terestrial things below;
Dreary spirits upward lifting,
Where thy blessings ever flow.

20 Gloomy spirits never enter,
Nor the visage ever change;
Where this virtue is prevailing,
Or its lovers ever range.
Nought but love in word or feeling,
Ever is presented, where
Lovely innocence is reigning,
But all griefs are soothed there.

21 How was Eden first adorned,
When Jehovah said "'twas good?"
When with fruitful trees arrayed,
When his likeness therein stood?
Was not innocence a virtue,
Which gave beauty to the scene?
All combin'd with many graces,
Showing forth its maker's mien?

22 With the music of its songsters,
Sounding forth their sweetest lay;
With the innocence their maker
Gave, their homage thus to pay.
Pure delight with joy surpassing
All the spacious would beside;
Here the attributes of glory
To his likeness were applied.

23 But Alas! the scene was changed,
All these beauties were withdrawn;
Gloominess was intermingled,
And true innocence was gone:
Confidence remain'd no longer,
Midst the trees they seek to hide;
From their God they chose to wander
Nor his brightness could abide.

24 O my soul! look to thy doings,
Thou hast risen from decay;
Onward steer without returning
To the pit of miry clay.
In obedience daily travel,
And true confidence mantain;
That in evry place and station,
Innocence thou may'st sustain.

25 Ne'er forget the God who call'd thee,
Nor the work thou'rt called to;
But forget the ways of evil,
Ever to them bid adieu
Don't forget that true uprightness,
Merits well its own reward;
That each cross will be recorded,
Which is borne of thine accord.

26 Ne'er forget thou art immortal,
Through eternity to reign;
Either in pure joys celestial,
Or in anguish to remain.
If thou hast prepar'd a garment,
Cleans'd from ev'ry stain impure;
Then thy Lord will bid thee welcome,
And to thee a crown secure.

27 Cease not then to be preparing,
While thy sands in time may run;
For thou knowest not the hour,
When thy work on earth is done.
Let free cheerfulness attend thee,
With the cross which thou dost bear;
Showing forth in ev'ry movement
That this virtue thou dost wear.

28 Calm and gentle all thy doings
Watchful, careful, prayerful, meek;
May true wisdom ever guide thee,
When the tongue for thee shall speak.
Seek the peace of those around thee,
Not thyself as one alone;
But to all let love unbounded,
In thy works be daily shown.

29 May the infidel behold thee,
Start him from his unbelief;
Cause his spirit to awaken,
That from sin he finds relief
May the wan'dring sons of Adam,
Who are yet in nature's deep;
Hail for innocence and find it
And her pleasant vigils keep.

30 To that city be repairing,
Which is set upon a hill;
With those heavenly graces lighted
Which subserve God's holy will.
There a standard is erected,
Grace to grace in union meets;
In perfection all are blended,
Joy sublime its votaries greets.

31 In thy mansion most securely,
May I dwell, bless'd innocence;
With thy inmates find acceptance,
Gain in them my confidence.
That whenever I am called,
To relinquish earthly claims;
I may find my name enrolled,
In thy record book of names.

Prudence

1 Hail thou virtue, midst all others!
Highly priz'd and much desired;
Enter here and take thy station,
Be my muse by thee inspired
Thou dost stand in true connexion
With these attributes divine;
Which in beauty and perfection,
All the graces do combine.

2 Thou dost dwell secure with wisdom,
Moving only at her nod;
To distribute all the blessings
Which have been receiv'd from God.
Thou dost stand upon the tower,
With an ever watchful eye;
To each heavenly blessing given,
That to waste, it doth not lie.

3 When are fill'd our stores and garners,
With the blessings God doth send;
When we find throughout a fulness
Then O prudence, us befriend,
That our doings may be godly,
Savor'd with thy choicest care;
That the usings of each blessing,
May thy close inspection bear.

4 Tho' we've blessings in abundance,
And by far our needs surpass'd;
Never should prevent thy presence
Or our souls from waste to fast.
But all goods to earth belonging
Should with prudence all be used
Not the least which God hath given,
Should by any be abus'd.

5 Pow'r to mortals God hath given,
Understanding, wisdom, skill;
To bring forth from earth a portion,
If its soil we will but till.
Unto him is time allotted
Changing moments ever new;
To prepare those needed comforts
With his "sweating brow" his due.

6 Doom'd to this from life his morning,
When the union thread he broke;
Which connected him to angels
Who for him those blessings spoke.
Plants around him, trees in beauty,
Bending with his luscious fare;
Which he took on ease reclining,
None his labor to prepare.

7 Didst thou prudence, then attend him?
Wast thou there in Eden fair?
Or hast thou since come to being,
With thy gracious gift of care?
I was ever found with wisdom,
And with power I do abide;
But when I was not consulted
In himself he did confide.

8 Then the appetites to pamper,
Was his theme, of wisdom void;
And the power which had control'd him,
Was rejected and destroy'd
Then self pleasure, earthly, sensual,
With no helm its course to wend;
Was supplied in all its cravings,
Nor to prudence did attend.

9 Thus is sacrificed the riches.
Goodness, blessings, God bestows;
To support the earthly passions,
Which hath fill'd the land with woes.
Those demand for pride and conquest
Sacrifices yet untold;
But the suffring state of mortals
For transgression these unfold.

10 Sore diseases haunt the creature,
Pain and suffring must endure;
Hunts the forest, roams the mountain,
But no hygean can him cure.
Steal upon him days of sorrow,
Years of suff'ring quell his mirth;
Till no longer can he revel,
Gladly bows himself to earth.

11 But has this made an atonement,
Or supplied the aching void?
Which on earth could not be filled,
Which his spirit so annoyed?
Death can never soothe the anguish,
Nor the gnawing worm destroy;
But the living soul, immortal,
Other means must now employ.

12 Prudence calls have been rejected,
Wisdom scorn'd and set aside;
But in earthly things have trusted
To support each lust, their pride.
These no more can be obtained
To their raging thirst allay;
But impetuous is the burning
Naught the thrilling pain can stay.

13 Is it but to things of nature,
Blessings of a temporal kind?
Which demands the calls of prudence,
There alone its calls confin'd?
Are the cares to clothe the body,
All its cravings just to feed?
All that claims attention, notice,
And in which we prudence need?

14 Not alone, are these commanding
Our attention to secure;
But in these if we're unfaithful,
Shame, disgrace we must endure;
For with what can we be trusted,
Of a still more valued prize?
If our duty is neglected
And to waste, goods sacrifice?

15 Those who in this least are prudent,
Have for all things special care;
Can with confidence be looking,
In true riches yet to share:
If each good deed be recorded,
To be cast before our eyes;
And for which we are rewarded,
Shall we prudent ways despise?

16 Blessed virtue reign triumphant,
Be thou now our helper, friend;
Tis to thee our thanks we render,
To thy will will ever bend;
When thy calls were truly heeded,
Unto us true comfort brings:
This the sentence we're receiving,
"Rule ye over many things."

17 If that which is least, requires
Care and prudence to direct;
Will not things of greater moment
Need the same them to protect?
Should we not pay more attention
Unto that which higher stands?
Which from holy emination,
Wisdom plac'd within our hands?

18 In as much as in us lieth,
To our greatest good promote;
We with heart and hand united
Should our strength to this devote.
When the gifts from heaven's fountain,
Are dispens'd with gracious hand;
To increase our growth and travel,
Should not prudence with us stand?

19 Here is needed prudence, wisdom,
To direct in every case;
Without which, those blessings, power,
Would be but a useless grace.
But like tempests, harsh and rugged,
Without bounds its force to stay;
Sweeping through a bending forest,
Which its growth would prostrate lay.

20 But when wisdom join'd with prudence,
Are consulted and obey'd;
Ev'ry giving moves in calmness,
Then these virtues are display'd:
Showing forth the true intention,
Which the donor would produce;
Giving strength to fit the vessel,
For our Holy Master's use.

21 When we feel that holy treasures,
From the source of power and light
Are to us profusely flowing,
Can we these be left to slight?
Shall we say, we have a fullness
And for all we need not care;
This or that may go to ruin
We've enough and much to spare.

22 How are things in spirit wasted?
Can we squander gifts away?
Which cannot be seen in nature,
Or be felt with mortal clay?
Ev'ry gift to us presented
From the heavenly worlds of grace
To assist, increase our travel.
In each heart should find a place.

23 If then they are not received,
Stor'd within an honest heart;
Used with prudence as they're needed,
Unto us no good impart.
But from us are gone forever,
And no more can they be claim'd;
Offer'd blessings we've rejected,
From which, good we should have gain'd.

24 Aught that's sent to living mortals,
From the angelic heavenly source;
If it be but disregarded,
Will produce a waste, of course.
If we're bless'd with earthly treasures,
And neglect to save the same;
Have we then a prudent spirit,
Or can we a blessing claim?

25 Man is form'd an active body,
Mental powers this to control,
With a tongue to put in motion
The impressions of his soul:
If he's prudent in expressions
No offensive sounds will hear,
For the heart from its abundance
Will reveal the secrets there,

26 Where we find this virtue cherish'd,
There is temperance in all things;
Health and strength are not neglected,
But from which more goodness springs.
There's no waste or misimprovement
Of our talents or our time;
Nor of any precious treasure,
Which is heavenly or divine

27 O thou prudence, be thou near us,
Nor desert us unto waste;
Thine a virtue worth possessing,
We through thee true riches taste.
May our eye be set towards thee,
That thy ways we keep in view;
May true wisdom ever guide us,
In whatever we may do.

28 If in fulness or in scanty
We beseech thee to attend;
For in each thine aid is needed
That we all in prudence spend.
Let us not on retrospection,
View some littles thrown away;
Which to us for good were given,
Strength and comfort night and day.

29 O direct us towards each morsel,
With thy virtue, prudence, there;
'Tis by evry little saving,
That the riches we preserve:
'Tis a lesson from the Savior,
Which his followers will observe;
Gather up the scatter'd fragments
And them carefully preserve.

30 All ye who possess this virtue,
And can walk in prudent ways;
Show by precept and example,
This, unto the young in days.
With this virtue, this our promise
When we get our just reward;
"Well done good and faithful servant,
Joys now enter of thy Lord."

Thankfulness.

1 O thou source of heavenly pleasure,
May thy form be here portray'd;
Ornament of love celestial,
Thou with cheerfulness array'd.
Crown to ev'ry other virtue,
Sparkling diamonds others are,
Set in order, shine with beauty,
What to thee can I compare?

2 Naught but brightness, clear, eternal,
Shining from the worlds above;
From the throne of God proceeding,
Pure, celestial, heavenly love.
Naught of earth can bear thee likeness.
All her riches, honors, gold;
Are to thankfulness but shadows,
Heaven can but this unfold.

3 Where it crowns the true possessor,
There a heavenly air is shown;
Many graces manifesting.
Thankfulness is not alone;
But combin'd in heavenly order,
All together harmonize;
As moves one, unites the others
Here the strength and beauty lies;

4 Holiness can never enter,
Where unthankfulness prevails;
But where reigns a spirit holy,
Thankfulness there never fails.
Gratitude for ev'ry blessing,
Dwells within the pure, upright;
Thus the vessel is prepared,
Heavenly virtues to unite.

5 Here dwells love that is unfeigned,
Unto God and ev'ry good;
Fills the heart to overflowing,
As his goodness ever should.
Not a transient gleam or sudden,
Just a moment is display'd;
But a treasure there abiding,
With true thankfulness array'd.

6 Here are felt the bounteous treasures,
Where the vessel is prepar'd;
To receive and make them welcome
Thankfulness is here declar'd.
Not the least of heaven's treasures
Ever fail of this to share;
Ev'ry crumb which has been given
Is receiv'd with special care.

7 Where true thankfulness is reigning,
Prudence also stands aloof;
Souls are never found complaining,
But all murmuring finds reproof.
Knowing that the least of blessings,
Are but heavenly gifts bestow'd
For our happiness and comfort,
While in time's afflicting road.

8 Often we may meet afflictions,
Trials grievous hedge our way;
But the truly thankful spirit,
Feels a blessing ev'ry day:
Knowing that eternal glory,
From affliction often springs;
Feels contented, truly happy,
Under comforts which it brings.

9 When misfortunes may be suffer'd,
Causing pain and thrilling grief;
If with patience tis endured,
Kindness then will give relief.
Words of tender love, compassion,
Heavy sufferings oft allay;
This promotes a thankful spirit,
Lulls the pain and grief away.

10 O a heart that's kind and tender,
Sharing in another's woes;
Making light a heavy burden,
Is a gift which God bestows,
This allays the raging billows,
Which a tempest oft may raise;
Rests the vessel, calms the waters
Shields the sufferer from its spray.

11 This creates a thankful spirit
Unto all where it extends;
Fills the heart to overflowing
Very callous spirits bends,
What can stand the warm embraces
Offer'd by a spirit kind?
To relieve when in affliction,
Or to heal a wounded mind?

12 From the source of heavenly blessings,
Comes the sense of thankfulness;
Where within it takes possession
There is found true righteousness
Holiness is not without it,
But from this it does proceed;
'Tis this gift which truly renders,
Thankfulness for evry deed.

13 'Tis from thee thou source of goodness
Holiness, those blessings rise;
Which invigorate, enliven,
Our sensation this to prize.
With a spirit truly thankful,
That which God on us bestows,
In his mercy and forbearance.
Can we conquer inward foes.

14 Tho' the greatest, richest treasures
Are by self denial gain'd;
And each step be mark'd with crosses,
Tribulation be sustain
Yet 'tis all but light affliction,
Vanishes before the mind;
When we see that faithful labors
Are with blessings rich combin'd.

15 Here true thankfulness arises,
For the treasures thus obtain'd;
Praising God for that salvation,
Which by crosses they have gain'd.
Thanks to God for kindness, mercy,
Thus extended for relief;
To the soul thus bound in fetters.
Without thankfulness in grief.

16 O that vessel which is filled,
With the gift of thankfulness;
Which at evry breath is pouring
Thanks, its goodness to express.
For it does exceed in beauty,
Any garland gem or wreath,
Which is worn or made by mortals,
Who unthankfulness can breathe.

17 O my soul be not forgetful,
Of thy duty furthermore;
Of thy call not dull of hearing,
But arise henceforth adore,
Evry means for thy improvement;
Evry gift which will produce
Any traits of love and goodness,
To contribute to thy use.

18 Thou wast form'd for ranging higher,
Than the earth where reptiles creep;
Thou art God's most noble image,
And art call'd it pure to keep.
In the temple where thou dwellest
Thou art called to act with care;
Whilst within it thou remainest
Let thy work be humble prayer

19 May'st thou feel a true contrition,
Sense what is of thee required;
Humble keep in all conditions
With true thankfulness inspir'd
Let no blessing e'er be slighted,
Which to thee has been convey'd,
But be ever grateful, thankful,
That a sharer thou art made.

20 Oft in former dispensations,
Where God's favors were display'd,
Many join'd in true thanksgiving,
And to him their homage paid.
But a day some still were viewing,
With the eye of faith ahead;
Which they long'd to be enjoying
With its riches to be fed.

21 'Twas a day which would accomplish,
Man's redemption from his loss;
Raise him from earth's sordid nature,
Save him by a daily cross.
This at length has been revealed,
Through God's mercy by his son;
Who proclaim'd a liberation,
And a call for ev'ry one.

22 All who heard and gave attention
Left their manacles behind;
Soar'd on wings of blessed freedom,
Now have found full peace of mind.
This has rous'd a thankful spirit
Caus'd true gratitude to flow;
From a heart of satisfaction,
Holy humble meek and low.

23 All ye sons of holy freedom,
Lift your eyes and view the day;
Fill the air with your rejoicing,
Let thanksgiving be your lay.
From the mountains to the valleys,
Let your accents echo clear;
Ring ye wood-lands fields and forests,
Waters, mingle when ye hear.

24 Raise your notes ye favor'd daughters,
Let your accents sweetly ring;
Wake the little wood-land songsters,
And united praises sing.
Cheer each other all together,
Let your thankfulness be seen;
May it roll through earth to heaven,
There be heard by king and queen.

25 All ye who have found redemption,
Gain'd releasement from distress;
Sound aloud, proclaim his goodness,
From your hearts of thankfulness.
Ev'ry living son and daughter
Who in holiness is found;
Doth possess this lovely virtue,
And true thankfulness can sound.

26 Thankfulness is not a phantom,
But a heart-felt source of joy;
Rising inward, flowing outward,
Through the tongue and lips' employ.
Not mere sound in circulation,
But a substance seen and felt,
Which has ever penetration,
Adamantian hearts to melt.

27 Ev'ry favor shown for kindness,
Ev'ry word the tongue may speak;
For a soothing consolation,
Or an other's good to seek.
Thankful feelings will inspire,
Where a grateful heart begins,
To unfold its kind emotions,
Pure affections thus it wins.

28 Thankfulness is often flowing
Where but tears are seen to fall;
Where's no pain or grief attending
But for mercy's gracious call.
Where are blessings times unnumber'd,
On but feeble man bestow'd;
If his nature has been humbled,
There's a thankful hearts abode.

29 From a vessel pure and holy,
This lov'd virtue doth proceed;
And in every place and station
Thankfulness will take the lead,
This can never be prevented,
Tho afflictions may betide;
Firm it is at heart, unyielding,
Thankfulness will there abide.

30 In the chain of christian virtues,
Each to each connexion bears;
Cannot e'er be separated,
But as one the soul prepares;
Where they've gain'd a full possession,
There the image is restored;
And in thankfulness unceasing,
HE who gave them is ador'd.

31 O my soul, be never slothful,
But with diligence progress;
Till thou hast in thy possession,
All these virtues for thy dress.
May my heart be ever grateful,
And in thankfulness abound;
That when I do bear inspection
All those graces may be found.

The End.